

The Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Editor, —
The following beautiful lines were written by a friend of a year or two ago, and though the sure may be less pleasing than was intended, they are stamped with the patent of intrinsic merit. The allusions, it is true, are local, and may interest the generality of readers, but their grace and harmony will make them welcome everywhere. They were written on Valentine's day, and are the relics of an innocent and romantic time, that still lingers in many a neighbouring age, affording at once a happy moment to the lover, and a revenue to the Postboy. Their publication may surprise their fair and subtle author, but I hold myself responsible. M. Day 17, 1823.

Altho' on thee I fear'd bestowing,
One tender, soft, approving smile,
My heart, like time is near o'erflowing
With the pangs it can't beguile.
To poverty, tho' mine object,
Whose wants are many and unblest,
Thou man I love, I'll never reject,
Tho' he his poverty confess'd.
Thou fortune may not blessings shower,
And we together struggle long,
Still in every trying hour,
I'd drive to soothe thee with a song.
Blest with health and with competence,
Sweetly we'd live,
And our greatest enjoyment shall be,
To cherish each other, forget and forgive,
The errors of youth and me. ROSA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO
Perhaps 'twas well you falsely gave
A straw a sinking weight to save,
And as his hopes began to swell,
Withdrew and left a stormier wave.
'Twas vile—but still a stormier wave,
'Twas trifling—but my soul must bow,
For its dull grasp is never less new.
That grief which check'd its youthful swell,
I might have known hope's cheating beguile
Was in by falsehood—but 'tis well,
And now let scorn exulting tell,
His wretched boast—and why—and how?
HAMLET.

From our friend, the 'Old Bachelor.'

To Atkinson & Alexander.
Just as I expected! An independent man cannot open his mouth to expatiate upon complacency upon the quiet, freedom and retirement which he enjoys when disposed to meditate, and the free and easy conviviality of a tavern, when inclined to jollity and company—without being attacked on every quarter by a host of petticoats, so that on whatever side he turns, he finds a foe to face him.

I have magnanimously determined to give my opponents every advantage, and to bear their scattering fire with fortitude: although their small shot may gall me at times, yet I foresee that a deal of blank cartridge will be wasted upon me—yes, gentlemen, they will load their artillery with a little grape and langrage, and fill it up to the muzzle with powder, to fire against a stone wall—a tremendous explosion and clattering will result, though it will do but little mischief. Although Miss Stubbs says I am old and ugly, and pretends to be afraid that my long beard would scratch her tender skin; and Miss Primlips, and all the rest, heap upon me the like calumnies, yet I shall submit to it for the present, as you know I am a round-faced, jolly, pleasant-looking man, particularly on Saturday evening, when the week's growth of my face has been taken off.

I proceed to lay before you a billetdoux as a specimen of what I have received, and what I may expect. Yours, fraternally.

For the Old Bachelor in the Evening Post.

MR. BLUE.—
Perhaps you think that you are very sagacious, and have sufficient influence among the young men to induce them to live the same solitary and misanthropic life that you do yourself; but you will find yourself mistaken—youth finds a stronger and better monitor implanted in its bosom for the wisest purposes, than you can ever hope to be. The young heart wants no object to be kind to, and no object is so well calculated to receive that kindness, and to return the favour by bestowing on it contentment and felicity, as an affectionate wife, a companion of love, who will prove the truest friend in adversity and sickness, the best zest to prosperity and health, and the wisest counsellor in promoting happiness at all times. An investigation of the nature of man shows that connubial love was the path marked out for him by his Creator from the beginning of time; and that only true happiness is to be found therein. It is only when he has left this virtuous path (for it is next to impossible for a bachelor to be virtuous) that he becomes truly miserable, and an exasperation, like you, in society. It is then, from the indulgence of sensual and vicious habits, that his passions take a wrong bent, and form attachments to dogs and cats and a multitude of frivolous things beneath the dignity of man to attend to. As for your single self, you have become so warped that I despair of ever benefitting you by my counsel, even supposing you were worthy. I dare say you are an ugly withered old fellow, with such a rough, long bearded face, that a virtuous, modest maid

like me would be ashamed to come within your reach, much less to wed. I shall not waste my time by parleying with you any longer at present; but conclude, by enclosing a song to the same tune as your last, but far superior in the moral it inculcates. SILVIA STUBBS.

THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

A Parody on the Bachelor's Fare.

Happy and free are a married man's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
He knows not the Bachelor's reveries, devilities,
Careless'd by and bless'd by his children and wife:
From lassitude free too, sweet home still to see to,
A pet on his knee, too, his kindness to share;
A fire-side so cheery, the smiles of his deary—
O, this, boys, this, is the married man's fare.

Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
Busy promoting his comfort around,
Dispersing dejection with smiles of affection,
Sympathizing, advising when fortune has frown'd.
Old ones relating droll tales, never sating;
Little ones prating—all strangers to care;
Some romping, some jumping, some punching,
Some nunching,
Economy dealing the married man's fare.

Thus is each jolly day one lively holy day:
Not as the Bachelor, lonely depress'd—
No gentle one near him, no home to endear him:
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;
No children to climb up—would fill all my rhyme
up.
And take too much time up, to tell his despair;
Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him,
beating him,
Bills pouring—maids scouring, devouring his
fare.
He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck button;
Shirts tangled to rags—drawers stringless at
knee;
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef,
too,
With overdone, underdone, undone is he;
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare;
But old maids and cousins, kind souls, rush in dox-
ens,
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.

He calls children apes, Sir, [the fox and the grapes,
Sir.]
And fair would he wed when his locks are like
snow;
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's
worn out;
And maidens deriding, cry, "No, my love, no!"
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with
furore,
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares;
And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies
up—
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who
cares?

[We must defer inserting, for the present week, any further of this correspondence, for want of room. Besides, it will be a charity to let our worthy friend breathe awhile, from the attacks directed at him.]

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Afflictions and disappointments that come not by our own folly," says that great and good man W. Penn, "are the trials and corrections of heaven, and it is our own fault if they prove not to our advantage. To repine at them does not mend the matter: it is only to grumble at our Creator: but to see the hand of God in them with a humble submission to his will is the way to engage the greatest love and mercy on our side."—We are all placed in a world the vicissitudes of which are such, that perhaps none wholly escape the dangers and miseries that seem to be inseparable from human life. All are called upon at one time or another to submit to the ordeal of correctional dispensations, and whether it be by positive pain and anguish, or negative privation of fancied pleasure, we must endure it as the unalterable condition of our terrestrial existence. Afflictions and calamities of what nature soever they be, are not permitted without some important design—they may be commissioned messengers of Divine Providence, to correct past errors, reform the present, or prevent the future, and if we will but regard them in this light, and patiently submit to their operation, we shall realize the proper benefits they are designed to confer. The smiles of prosperity too frequently fill the mind with arrogance, self-sufficiency and pride. Distress and pain, mortifications and disappointments, the loss of those whom we love, and the injuries received from those who love not us, have an effect to wear the mind from an improper attachment to worldly pleasures, and to direct our views to better hopes and a surer source of consolation. Although adversity is designed to be the school of wisdom, in which the children of sorrow and affliction may learn the profitable lesson of humility and virtue, and acquire those wholesome impressions which are not to be gained but through the operations of misfortune, yet how prone are they to cherish sentiments of despondency, and too oft unwisely seek to quench and drown every painful sensibility in the anodyne draughts of the inebriating bowl, thus frustrating the important purpose for which the chastisements of heaven are inflicted upon them. Patience and resignation clothes the mind with armour which blunts, and sometimes repels, the arrows of adversity—and in the conflict which we are called to sustain, if the eye of faith is kept constantly elevated

to the reward which is promised to the persevering, there will be peace and serenity within, notwithstanding the storms and tempests that without are howling around us. To trust in the care and protection of heaven is the natural homage which we owe to a Being, whose superintending care is over all his works and who directs all contingencies for the welfare of his creatures. MONITEUR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our opinions respecting outward things depend very much upon outward testimony; and they vary very much according to the evidence presented—and partly according to our capacity to receive or accept that evidence. Now, whatever changes may take place in our judgment respecting external circumstances, truth is always the same, and the certain evidence of truth is the inspiration which comes immediately from the Fountain of light. This is pure and incontestable: and if we keep near enough to it, and conform in all things to its directions, we shall be instructed in that way wherein is no error, and our opinions and judgment of external circumstances will be rectified thereby. But while we have to deplore our shortness and imperfection in due attention to the Fountain of light and knowledge, we shall not improve the matter by controversy about external testimony. There is too much contention amongst the professors of religion; it would seem as if they had, many of them, enlisted under other banners than those of the Prince of Peace—contending for his name, while they reject his example, his doctrines and his spirit.

It is good to promote the happiness of one another as much as we can; it is evil to scatter discord and dissension amongst brethren. God never designed that his children should worry and perplex one another; but that each should promote the harmony and happiness of the human family. Pain, sickness, disease, and misfortunes of various kinds, are the concomitants of the present state of existence—So it appears to be ordained by the wisdom of Providence: But man, as if there was not alloy enough to induce us to look forward towards a better state of existence, has invented a multitude of other evils, and, demon-like, deals them out with great liberality towards his fellow probationer, as if, were it possible, to make him entirely wearied with his existence. Jesus Christ was holy, harmless and undefiled—he has left us an example of purity, that we might follow him, and know a redemption from every error, every delusion, and every disorganizing disposition. Discord and delusion vanishes with the arisings of the light of the Divine Immanuel. LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rees Davis and his brother John were orphans, placed out in one of the interior shires in England, the one to a herdsman and the other to a shepherd, at the age of 14 and 12—they happened one day to meet, and each being dissatisfied with his situation, they resolved that on a fixed day they would escape and meet at a sea-port to take shipping for America. They missed each other; Rees got on board a merchant vessel, and landed safely at Philadelphia, where he was sold to pay his passage, to a farmer in Bucks county—He often made enquiry for his brother John, but could get no intelligence respecting him for a great many years. John had the misfortune to get on board a man of war where he was detained a long time; at length he made his escape and got to Philadelphia, changing his name to John Waters to prevent being recognized. He resided many years near the Buck, in Bucks county. At length, at Newtown Election, where the whole of the electors in Bucks assembled, Rees sees a man whom he thought resembled his brother, he made sundry enquiries respecting his history and at length enquired his name. John said his name was Waters—to which Rees replied, no it is Davis, and I am your brother. Few of the marvellous meetings of lovers in novels and romances, ever portrayed a more interesting scene than this singular recognition of two long separated brothers. John Davis died in 1797, said to be aged between 80 and 90 years. L.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MUMBO JUMBO

In Park's Travels we have the following singular account of the method some of the negroes adopt, to correct their ladies, for unruly behaviour, and reduce them to proper subjection. It is to be hoped that none of our busy, useful, sensible sort of men, will ever take it into their heads to tease and worry the public into any such plans of utility in this country.

M. Park observed, on entering the village of Malla, a sort of masquerade habit made of bark, hanging upon a tree, and upon enquiry, he was told it belonged to Mumbo Jumbo. This is a strange bugbear, common in all the Mandingo towns, and much employed by the natives in keeping their women in subjection; for as they are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one married as many as he can maintain, and as the ladies frequently disagree among themselves, family quarrels rise to such a height that the authority of the husband can no longer preserve peace in his household. In such cases the interference of Mumbo Jumbo is called in to settle affairs. This strange minister of Justice (who is supposed to be the husband himself or some person instructed by him) disguised in the mask above mentioned, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming by loud and dismal screams in the woods near the town. He begins the pantomime at the approach of night, and as soon as it is dark he enters the town and proceeds to the Bentang, where all the inhabitants immediately assemble. It may be easily supposed that this exhibition is not much relished by the ladies; for as the person in disguise is entirely unknown to them, every one suspects that the visit may possibly be intended for herself, but they dare not refuse to appear when they are summoned, and the ceremony commences with songs and dances, which continue until midnight, about which time Mumbo fixes on the offender, who is immediately seized, stripped, tied to a post and severely scourged with Mumbo's rod, amid the shouts and derision of the whole assembly; the rest of the women are generally loudest in their acclamations on this occasion against their unhappy sister. Day light puts an end to this indecent and unmanly scene.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

When what is now a very decent, tolerable sort of a road through New-Jersey from the side next the North River, was little less than a most abominable slough it was the misfortune of Franklin to travel through it with the proprietor of the stage coach. When they had passed about half way over it they overtook a wretched decrepit old woman—nearly exhausted with wading in the water and mud which was half leg deep.

Franklin, taking compassion on her miserable appearance, proposed admitting her into the carriage and paying her fare himself. The proprietor refused—Franklin remonstrated—coaxed—intreated but all in vain. The rascal was inexorable—he was proprietor, and burn his buttons if he'd benefited by any body.

So the old lady was left in the mud. In the course of their ride, and while the cattle were dragging them through the very worst part of the road, the horses sinking breast deep at every step—the wheels nearly buried, and all hands growling and sweating with vexation, the conversation turned, some how or other, upon mad dogs, hydrophobia, &c.

Franklin was looking at the water—the man observed his eyes fixed very intently upon it, and asked the reason—Franklin shook his head. The man repeated the question—Franklin replied by repeating the shake—at the same time asking very abruptly, do you dislike to look at water? "I!" said the man, "I! no—dislike to look at the water, no, indeed, do you?" "Pray," said Franklin, riveting his eyes upon him and speaking quick—pray have you ever been bit?—don't think he was mad—poor little fellow—oh no, no, no, only a puppy—couldn't have been mad—no bigger than—snapping at the man—who jump—smack through the inside of the coach, up to his chin in mud.

Drive on, coacher, said Franklin, drive on—The man obeyed; the symptoms of hydrophobia all disappeared from Franklin, and the stage proprietor was left to plough his way home, as the poor woman had been ploughing before him.

Address to the People of the U. States.

THE American Convention for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and improving the condition of the African Race, have directed their standing committee to address you, on some of the important subjects which have engaged the attention of that body, relative to the present state of the coloured population of our country.

Believing it our duty to represent to you in as clear a light as possible, the actual state of things; we respectfully claim your attention to the following facts—all-important in our view, and some of which may involve, at no very distant period, the dearest interests of our country.

There is, perhaps, no question, either in morals or politics, which is so interwoven with the future destinies of the United States, and so loudly calls upon the Statesman and the Christian, to unite their endeavours in the cause of humanity, as that of the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. The true state of things has been developed in a pamphlet written by a professional gentleman of Baltimore, and published in 1819. In this very interesting work, the author has clearly proved "that the white population in a slave state, does not increase so fast by at best 30 or 40 per cent, in twenty years, as the same population in a state where there are none, or but few slaves"—"that a slave population increases by procreation faster than the white population, in a slave state"—and "that a free black population does not increase so fast by procreation, as a slave population."—Hence it follows, as a self evident conclusion, that "in proportion as you restrain the

increase of a slave population, you promote the increase of that of the whites."

The emancipation, therefore, by every rational and practicable measure, of the present population of slaves, must obviously present itself as the principal, if not the only means, of restraining their disproportionate progressive increase.

The positions of the author above quoted, are established by an appeal to incontestable facts, derived from the Census of the United States from 1790 to 1810; and the results are produced by fair calculations. The progressive increase of the black population of the slave-holding states over that of the white, presents an awfully prospective view of the result of the present system, and which can only be averted by some wise and timely regulations, for meliorating the condition of the slave, and for the final abolition of his bondage.

If we compare this progression in the different states of the Union, we shall find, that while that of the free states of New-England, New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, increases in a ratio of 99 per cent in twenty years, the white population of the four slave holding states of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, increases, in the same period, in a ratio of about 33 per cent—while, at the same time, that of the slaves of the last mentioned states, increases in a ratio of about 56 per cent. By the natural progress, therefore, in those states, it appears, that at the end of the present century, the SLAVES will greatly outnumber the WHITES.

After having entered at some length, into a comparative estimate of the progress of population in the different states of the Union, the writer above mentioned, in reasoning upon the results, infers, that there is a difference of from 40 to 60 per cent in 20 years; that it is 86 per cent against Maryland; 74 against Virginia; 68 against North Carolina, and 35 against South Carolina. But in the four slave holding states south of the Carolinas, this disproportion is still more apparent.

How momentous the consideration, that, while our citizens are lulled into security, through ignorance of the real condition of things, the cause which tends to the subversion of their vital interests, is constantly progressing; and unless prevented or removed, must finally gain the ascendancy.

That Slavery is the primary cause of this disproportionate increase, cannot be rationally doubted, although there are other causes, discoverable in the manners, customs, and habits of the people; but, even these are the product of the bitter root of slavery.—There must necessarily be little industry, foresight or enterprise among a people thus circumstanced, whether they be viewed as masters or slaves; and dissipation and vice, the progeny of idleness, are among the curses entailed upon a slave holding people!

Independently of any Supernatural Agency in the disproportionate increase above stated, it is easy to perceive that the increase of population must always be regulated by the means of subsistence. Where these are abundant, it has been proved that the human species will double itself in fifteen years. They do, in a part of our country, by natural increase, double themselves in about twenty years. But if, to meet this geometrical increase, the earth do not produce a commensurate increase of subsistence, the population will dwindle. The laws of the CREATOR wisely limit population in proportion to these means. Accordingly, therefore, as the slave population exceeds that of the whites, the subsistence for the latter must be diminished, and consequently their increase be restrained: "for every slave in the United States occupies the place of a freeman," while the very circumstance of slavery, as might easily be demonstrated, incapacitates a country for supporting as many men as it could do, if all were free.

Having proposed for your serious attention these facts and their obvious consequences, suffer us respectfully to reiterate, what we have often, under a sense of duty, presented to the view of our fellow-citizens: viz. the subject of the horridly inhuman practice of kidnapping, pursued only by a mercenary and degraded portion of the community, who have forfeited all right to the tolerance of their enlightened and philanthropic countrymen. We cannot but view the remedy for this crying evil, as fully within the sphere of legislative power, and anxiously wait for the energetic enactment and execution of penalties, adequate to the extinction of this brutal practice.

A third subject, which, in our apprehension, claims the prompt con-

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